

DIME NOVEL ROUND-UP

A monthly magazine devoted to the collecting, preservation and literature of the old-time dime and nickel novels, libraries and popular story papers.

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OLD KING BRADY, THE SLEUTH-HOUND

by
HAROLD C. HOLMES

This story was published in NY Det Lib #154 dated Nov. 14 1885, which was just six months before I was born so I do not claim to have bought and read it when first published. It wasn't till Sat., Dec. 17, 1938, that I saw this story for the first time, 53 years after it was published. Written by Doughty in the style only he, knew how to use. This is not the story of Old King Brady's first case; that did not appear till 1891 in Det Lib, but it is the story in which this character first made its appearance on any page. Cannot be sure that it never appeared as a serial in some Story Paper although think it was never published in Boys of NY where their first Old King Brady story began Aug. 25, 1888. Probably most of the readers of Round-Up never have read this story and those who have may like their memory refreshed so I will give the story a "going over" for you.

The picture is 7x7 and shows three figures drawn in the old-fashioned style. Two men both mustached as any He-man of those days must be, attired in black cut-away coats and light trousers. Old King Brady is disguised as an old Irish woman, wearing a heavy dress and shawl, a gib bonnet on his head and carrying a huge umbrella. Scene is the interior of a well furnished drawing room.

THE STORY

Chapter I, THE 10TH OF OCTOBER.

The year was 1881. At the close of

the work day in the Moon Ins. Co., on Nassau St., two young men employed there leave the building and stroll up Broadway. They are chums Walter Jewett and Harry Armitage, both about 20 years old. They turn into one of the tall buildings and in one of the first floor offices call upon a young friend of theirs. Fred Mayo. He is a drug broker and is still working, going over his accounts as he has spent the afternoon making collections and there lies on his desk a pile of money amounting to about \$600.

Walter Jewett shows the others a revolver he had that day purchased and told of how he had fired at a rat in the basement of the office building that afternoon. After examining the gun it is laid on Fred Mayo's desk and forgotten. The name of Jenny Milner, a pretty little actress is brought up. Walter and Fred who have both been showing her attentions, exchange a few unpleasant remarks but it is soon smoothed over. Harry and Walter leave and just as they are turning into Annable's Restaurant, Walter discovers he has left his revolver on Fred Mayo's desk. He leaves to recover it. Harry seats himself at one of the tables and reads in the evening paper of the death of Fred Mayo's elderly uncle who is a very rich man.

After Harry waits for a long time, Walter comes in much agitated and in addition he has been drinking. Walter explains that he and Fred had a violent quarrel over the girl and that he had left in such anger that he had again forgotten to obtain his revolver. As they are about to start their belated meal two Broadway detectives

enter and arrest Walter for the murder of Fred Mayo.

Chapter II.

THE INQUIRY IN THE OFFICE

Harry, as his friend was led away by the two detectives, made his way to the building in which was Fred Mayo's office. He pushed his way to the front of the crowd where his paleness and agitation attracted the attention of a man standing beside him. This man asked him why he appeared to have so much interest in this affair. Harry turned and saw a man between 50 and 60 years of age, with white hair, wearing a blue frock coat of semi-military cut. It was Old King Brady.

As Old King Brady is well known to the police he takes Harry into the office with him. In the office was Lindley Murray Mayo, a cousin of Fred's but one with whom Fred had not been on speaking terms for several years. Harry noticed that the money they had seen on Fred's desk was no longer there. The coroner arrives, questions all present, sets the date for inquest and then all leave but one police officer, Old King Brady and Harry.

Chapter III, A PAIR OF SHOES

After examining the office Old King Brady takes Harry with him as he goes to look up Mr. Dugan, the janitor who first discovered the body. They talk with this janitor in the corridor of the next building from the rear of which you can look down into the death office. Old King Brady finds on the floor of the corridor a package containing a pair of pink satin slippers. Lindley Murray Mayo works in this building and when he leaves Old King Brady follows him. Harry Armitage goes to the New Church St. Police station to wait.

Chapter IV, TOMMY TIDD

Now Tommy Tidd was a pimply faced, tow headed youth of 20 absolutely filled with conceit and confident that he was a full fledged "man of the world". Tommy's father was a wealthy man with a large soap boiling factory on the North River. Tidd Sr., believed in work and he had secured Tommy a job as receiving cashier in a commission house. On this day Tommy swelled around at the office as usual but as soon as he left at night his chin came down on his chest and he dejectedly made his way to a saloon near the Brooklyn Bridge, entered

and passed thru into a gambling room behind. He seated himself at a table in a corner at which sat two men. Lindley Murray Mayo and Jim Rideout. In back of this table lay a man on a couch apparently in a drunken sleep, but not so, it was Old King Brady.

Tommy owes each of these two men about \$100 in gambling debts and they tell him they must have the money at once or they will go to his father. They induce him to try and steal it from the till in the office where he works and to which he has the key. They then discuss the Mayo murder. Rideout is a clerk in a law office overlooking the court on which opened the death office. He says that he heard the death shot and further more saw the gun flash which came from the window of the corridor in their building overlooking the court. Tommy and his two companions leave and take the horse cars down to Liberty St., followed by Old King Brady. Tommy goes in his office to rob the till but is captured by the proprietor and policemen who are lying in wait. His two companions who had entered the building escape.

Chapter V, THE CHASE BEGINS

Old King Brady goes to the police station where Harry Armitage is waiting for him. Walter Jewett is brought from his cell and questioned. Walter's story is that after he left Mayo's office in anger he went into a saloon, took a couple of drinks, stopped to hear a street fakir who was selling a soldering compound, buys a can of it to give to his landlady and joins Harry at the restaurant.

Just at this time Tommy Tidd is brought in by the police followed by his employer, Mr. Billings. Billings states they had been missing small sums of money and that that day he had marked the bills in the cash drawer. Then Fred Mayo had come in to get money owed to him, and as the main safe had been closed by this time, Mr. Billings had paid Mayo with money which included all the marked bills. Police then examined the money taken from Walter Jewett's pocket. Find four one dollar bills all marked with the private mark Billings had put on them and which had been given to Mayo. Jewett stated he had received these bills in change for a \$5 bill he gave to the street fakir when

he bought the can-solder compound. Harry Armitage and Old King Brady leave and Harry is told that if he would help to save his friend that he must stay off from work and assist and that his first assignment is to find this street fakir and find out from whom he had secured the marked money. On the can of compound had been the name B. Boley.

Chapter VI THE HUNT FOR THE CAN-SOLDER MAN

Next day Harry starts to find Mr. B. Boley. He goes to the addresses of all of that name in the directory and found they ranged from an honest milk man to one who had just been sent to the Island for two months for stealing a horse; but none were of can-solder fame. Next he interviewed all the street fakirs he could find. Some professed no knowledge of B. Boley. Others professed the most intimate knowledge which they would pass out for a price. Harry made only one such purchase. Mr. B. Boley's address for a dollar. He toiled up to the 9th floor of a tenement block on Baxter St., Packed full of Italians, none of whom could speak English. Harry had bought for his dollar only a more complete understanding of the deceitfulness of man.

At 6:00 p.m. he entered a cheap restaurant on the Bowery. At a nearby table was Lindley Mayo and a companion. When they leave Harry follows them.

Chapter VII, A NIGHT AT A WARD PRIMARY

The 10th Ward Hotel was located at the corner of Broome and Ludlow Streets. Harry followed Mayo and his companion to the second floor where the primary was being held. No sooner had Harry gotten into the hall someone thrust a ballot into his hand and told him that he would be given \$5 if he would drop the ballot into the box. Harry said that he didn't even live in that ward but was told that everything would be all right which shows how politics were conducted in the 10th Ward in 1881. Lindley Mayo stops Harry and tells him that now Fred Mayo is dead he is heir to his uncle's wealth and that he has offered a reward of \$5,000 for the conviction of the murderer. He gives Harry the information that that afternoon Old King Brady had arrested the Janitor,

Mr. Dugan, on suspicion and that Walter Jewett might be freed.

Harry goes down to the street and there on the sidewalk is the man he has been searching for all day, Mr. B. Boley, busily engaged in selling his can-solder. When Harry tries to question him Mr. B. Boley says that they cannot talk there on the street and leads Harry to a vile den of a saloon in the Polish-Jew district altho Harry doesn't know it Lindley Mayo and Jim Rideout had shadowed them there.

Chapter VIII OLD KING BRADY MAKES A MOVE

At 6:00 a.m. of that same morning Old King Brady was at the murder building and talked to the janitor Mr. Dugan when he first appeared. Found that the day of the murder Dugan had been cleaning his empty rifle in the corridor shortly before the murder. Old King Brady insisted on seeing the rifle and finds in it one discharged shell. Dugan is looked up on suspicion and when searched he has several of the dollar bills which had been marked. Dugan insisted as had Walter Jewett that he had gotten them in a purchase of can-solder. Old King Brady showed Dugan the package containing the pink satin slippers he had found in the corridor. Dugan said he had never seen them before but identifies them as the work of a former employer of his, Mable & Co., at 122 Warren St.

Chapter IX HARRY ARMITAGE FALLS INTO BAD HANDS

This is a chapter of exciting events in the vile den on Ludlow St. Harry is drugged by B. Boley and Jim Rideout, stripped of his good clothes and attired in beggar's rags, thrust into a large sack, thrown into a cab and carried away.

Chapter X PICKING UP THE THREADS

Old King Brady follows backward the trail of the pink satin slippers, finally finds the clerk who sold them but here he is baffled. They were sold to an unknown man and not to a woman. Then Old King Brady in disguise picks up the trail of Mayo-Rideout and Harry and follows them to the 10th Ward Hotel and then to the den in Ludlow St. From his vantage post outside, later, Old King Brady sees a hack drive up and a heavy sack brought out of the side door, put in the cab which drives away. Nearby

the huge freight switcher which every nights draws cars from the NY Central yards at St. John's Park started with a train thru deserted Hudson and Canal St. The hack stops and the huge sack is dragged out and thrown across the tracks. By great exertion Old King Brady reaches the spot in time and drags the sack from the track almost from in under the wheels of the engine.

Chapter XI THE PINK SATIN SHOES TRACED HOME

Old King Brady rips open the sack and there lies Harry Armitage, unconscious. An elderly lady with a young and handsome girl with her, stop to see if they can give any aid. They recognize Harry and insist that Old King Brady carry the boy to their home nearby in Vestry St. The girl is Jenny Milner, the pretty actress, mentioned in the first part of the story, returning from the theatre with her mother. On impulse Old King Brady shows the pink satin shoes to Jenny. Jenny says that the other day she had asked Lindley Mayo whom she knows well to buy her a pair.

Chapter XII, THE SLEUTH-HOUND RUNS HIS PREY TO EARTH.....THE END

Lindley Murray Mayo is now in possession of the vast inheritance from his uncle and has taken up his residence in the beautiful mansion on 5th Ave. A couple of days after Mayo took possession Old King Brady disguised as an old Irish woman enters this house and applies for a position as housekeeper. Mayo talks to her and tells she will not do. Old King Brady slams the outside door from the inside and conceals himself where he overhears the conversation between Mayo and Jim Rideout. Now that Mayo has come into his fortune he would like to be rid of Rideout but the latter knows when he has a good thing and is out to squeeze half the fortune out of Mayo. A violent quarrel ensues during which the entire plot is revealed. After the death of Mayo's uncle, Lindley had known that the fortune had been left to Fred. On the day of the murder Lindley had left his office carrying the pink satin slippers which he intended to give to Jenny Milner. In the corridor he saw on a table Dugan's rifle and beside it a box of cartridge's and looking out the window into the

court below he saw in an opposite window Fred Mayo working on his accounts. He had seized the rifle, loaded, shot and killed Fred and run out into the street, forgetting all about the snippers. Rideout from an upper office window had seen Lindley's face in the flash of the gun and held the whip hand over him ever since.

Old King Brady arrests the two men and the case is solved. Mr. Dugan was released at once as Walter Jewett had been the day before. B. Boley was sent to prison; the night of the murder he had been passing Fred Mayo's office and seeing the light had gone in to try and sell him some can-solded. Finding him dead had stolen the pile of money from the desk. Lindley Mayo was executed. Jim Rideout went to prison. Tommy Tidd was more fortunate. This was where the "soap" of the soap maker come in. Two juries disagreed, then the case was dropped and Tommy was eased out of his predicament. Harry Armitage went back to the Moon Ins Co. Walter Jewett married Jenny Milner and opened a small manufacturing establishment.

The fortune of the uncle Mayo was distributed among distant relatives who forgot about giving any reward for the solving of the crime, so Old King Brady received nothing for his work. May the truth be known, that did not please Old King Brady at all.

THE END

Eli A. Messier of Woonsocket, R. I. was up Friday, Sept. 6th for a nice afternoon's chat. Edward Morrill of Boston, Mass. was out to see me Sunday September 8th, and brought a friend of his by the name of Vail, both nice chaps. We did some trading etc. Raymond Caldwell and his wife were up here Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 23-24th. I expect to see Eli Messier again in a few days, as we are on the trading rampage again.

Eli Messier says that, there is a page in the National Geographical Magazine for June 1940—page 717 that has a picture with a little write up under it. Looks like Charlie Bragin holding some old timers in his hand, is it Charlie?

Dime Novel Catalogue. Illustrated. Free for stamped, addressed envelope. R. Bragin, 1525 W. 12th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

NOVELNUT NONSENSE

THIS OFFICE was thrown into a joyous turmoil over the rumor...as yet unconfirmed, that our honored Brother, Professor Johannsen, had headed the list of subscribers among our Brethren for the erection of a new home for "ROUND UP", with a check of \$9000.00

ACCORDING TO A Milwaukee News dispatch, loud and prolonged yells emanating from the apartment of Brother Schott at midnight which brought the patrol pounding to the door, proved to be only the result of a nightmare. Frank had dreamed that he had added another "WORK & WIN" to his collection.

USE BRAGIN'S REFINED TAR for freckles and speckles on the nose. Directions: Just apply with a stick. Any stick. Warranted to wear off in six months or money cheerfully refunded. (adv.)

LOST: \$27,000.00 in \$1000.00 bills. series of 1934A., No. G978426278. Reward if returned to Brother W. C. Miller, our noted Naturalist.

BROTHER AUSTIN, our talented composer of popular ballads, paid us a visit recently. It was plainly evident that Uncle Charlie was a worried man. While facing forward, he appeared to be apparently walking backward. It appears that his tailor was at fault, for in constructing our Brother's trousers he mistakenly built the seat where the zipper should have been, and vise-versa... While this idea has it's good points, it simply is not done. It don't LOOK right. As Charlie had paid for the trousers the question arose...how was he to break even on this purchase? The solution: The Brethren are respectfully invited to call and inspect the trousers which are now hanging on a hook on exhibit at East Rockaway. The small fee of five cents will be collected at the door.

LOST: One glass eye. Return to Brother Jonas. (He needs it. Ed.)

FOR SALE, CHEAP: Pair of stilts and a Dutch windmill. Write for price and terms to Brother Caldwell. (Adv.)

IT APPEARS THAT Brother Frye suddenly feels the need of spiritual food and guidance, a Schenectady radiogram advising that he has become a member of the Church. However, there appears to be some grounds for suspecting that the beautiful contralto, Miss Mary Ann Gash, who leads the

choir, is mixed up obscurely in the matter. Music hath charms, or is it Miss Gash, Bob?

BROTHER CALDWELL has established a mud-turtle farm. He offers the following argument: There are twenty million ladies in this U.S.A. who have pug-dogs and poodles as pets. If he can only convert but ONE HALF of the number to substitute a mud-turtle for a poodle-dog at the low figure of 50 cents per mud-turtle, it will mean a gross profit to the farm of five million dollars. Before offering stock to our members, a small order for mud-turtles sent by each Brother will show good faith. Turtles must eat.

AS BROTHER MILLER writes; "These be times that can stand a bit of humor". And so we hope that our members can "take it and grin".

Members of the Happy Hours Brotherhood for 1940.

7. Wm. M. Burns, 15 Cottage St., Rockland, Maine.
11. J. D. Harden, 634 Broad St., Burlington, N. C.
23. Charles H. Austin, 153 Main St., East Rockaway, N. Y.
34. Edward Le Blanc, 1328 Randolph St., N. E. Washington, D. C., (new address)
40. P. C. Maraske, 4133 57th St., Woodside, L. I., New York
42. John T. McIntyre, 259 S. 17th St., Philadelphia, Pa.
50. J. P. Guinon, Box 214, Little Rock, Ark.
6. S. B. Condon, E. Penobscot, Me.
68. C. H. Blake, 4000 Crutcher St., Dallas, Texas.
74. James E. Knott, Bristol, N. H. (New address)
87. George H. Hess, Jr., Personal, 825 Great Northern Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
91. Wm H. Gouder, Box 60, Transcona, Man., Canada.
94. C. N. Sauter, 243 Summit St., Marion, Ohio.
121. Edward Morrill, 144 Kingston St., Boston, Mass. (new member)
60. Albert Johannsen, University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill.

James Madison's new mailing address is P. O. Box 124, Grand Central Annex, New York, N. Y.

Wanted—Young Athletes and Frank Manley's Weeklies, For?—James E. Knott. Bristol, N. H.

NEWSY NEWS THATS ALL IN THE NEWS

The answer to #5 of Dime Novel Round-Up, Who Was Kennedy? Geo. N. Beck sent in the answer, which I mislaid and just got track of it, is as follows; Harry Kennedy was in his time, the greatest ventriloquist in the country, and has never been surpassed since. He was one of Tony Pastor's star's in his vaudeville theater in New York. He was a song composer, two of his songs making big hits at that time. They were titled "A Flower From my Angel Mothers Grave" and "Say Au Revoir But Not Good-by". At the scene of his burial a quartette of his vaudeville friends sang the later song over his grave. Thus you will see Kennedy had three rare gifts, an Author, a ventriloquist and a Lyric Composer. Harry Kennedy wrote three serials in the boys of New York, and wrote several stories in the Wide Awake Library.

Write for a free copy of "The Original Yankee Swopper", Dublin, N. H. They will give you **FREE** radio and magazine advertising on dime Novels all over the country. There are no "strings", no cost, L. C. Leichter says its all bona fide.

Wm H. Gouder sends us the following News: The Invasion of Norway was a serious blow for publishers of British story papers on the other side. When the war started the Amalgamated Press revived their first great war title, "War Illustrated", which immediately achieved a circulation somewhere near a million copies a week, which takes a lot of paper. Now, with the shortage of paper.. Publishers are restricted to I think about 30 per cent of pre-war supply.. all papers are getting very thin, and prices are going up. Well, that left the Amalgamated Press in quite a spot, with the War Illustrated to be looked after now, which took no paper before the war started. So they did a bit of merciless killing-off of the less-essential papers, with the result that the only boys paper they have left is "Champion". All the rest are suspended... "Detective Weekly", "Thriller", "Triumph", "Boys Cinema", "Magnet", all gone. The latter makes me mad, in view of the fact that they are continuing any number of "comic's", "Radio Fun", "Knockout", "Film Fun", and a bunch of them like "Comic

Cuts". The decision to cut out these papers came so suddenly that, in case of "Magnet" anyway, no announcement was made in the last issue, readers were urged to order next week's issue and read the sequel to this week's story. No copies of the last two issues were exported, so I had to send to an English correspondent for them. The D. C. Thomson papers, "Skipper", "Rover", "Hotspur", etc., are being continued so far as I know. Conditions in Europe has somewhat curtailed opportunities for collecting.

Have you seen Charlie Bragins New Dime Novel Catalogue. Its a pip. Has facsimile of first front page of Beadles Half Dime Library, Vol. 1, No. 1, of 1877. Title "Deadwood Dick, The Prince of the Road", or "The Black Rider of the Black Hills", by Edward L. Wheeler. Inside he has illustrations of all kinds of Novels, Libraries, Weeklies and story Papers. Also lists of novels he has for sale. The back page gives a complete list of all the Deadwood Dicks stories ever pub.

There is almost a full page writeup on Kit Carson in any of the Herst Sunday Newspapers, such as New York American, Boston Sunday American, etc., for Aug. 25, 1940.

C. N. Sauter, Marion, Ohio, sent me a post-card picture of 23 rare Novels and Libraries on it. Looks fine. Some of his rarest are: No. 1 of Tip Top Library, Border Boys Library, Cricket, Bob Brooks, Frank Reade and many others. Very interesting card to have.

George S. Barton's new address is 167 Oliver St., Boston, Mass. Since George sold his collection, he now wishes he had them back again, and intends to buy up enough for another collection some day. What would we all do, if we didn't have a hobby of some kind, and ours is novels?

Edward Le Blanc sends us some news, on the first story published under the pen name of Oliver Optic, it was "The Marriage Contract", pub. in the Boston True Flag in 1852.

Oliver Optic (Wm F. Adams) was born in Medway, Mass. in 1822.

For the most thrilling and romantic stories of the West, read "Ranch Romances." On the newsstands everywhere twice a month.

Send in your **FREE SWAP AD**
for next month.

LETTER TO ROUND-UP READERS

Dear Friends of this little magazine:

My knowledge of ranch life is amazing in its wide-eyed, wonderful ignorance; and all that is written about this so-called exciting and exhilarating life of the great open spaces, very little about it comes my way—not even a "wild west" weekly.

And on this very day—Saturday, the 7th, as it happens—that I am writing this, present-day favorite, Ken Maynard, with his wonderful horse, Tony, is being exploited in one of the moving-picture houses of our town.

But in the words of an appealing poem by Eddie Guest, our beloved American poet—when the sunshine of spring and the cloud-flecked skies and the blue waters tempted him to go fishing: "But I am at my table with a lot of work to do!"

Tom Mix, an earlier favorite, beguiled my crowd when I was younger; when I might, perhaps, have taken time to learn something of the way **mavericks** (I use this word just because I like the looks and the sound of it!) are rounded up in the corral and branded. The nearest approach I ever got to a picture which wasn't typed pure "western," and yet was laid on the plains that was, was adopted from a popular book by a minister about the adventures of one of his cloth. From its title, "The Sky Pilot", I had at first thought it was the guide, or director, or the navigator, as it were (except that refers only to water-sailing vessels) of an air-plane. In this picture the winsome star of the silent picture era, Colleen Moore, got right in the way of "the thundering herd" of buffaloes, or was it cattle? I've seen quite a good many pictures, scenes of which were located in the west—so many that, at the present time, without consulting my theatre book I cannot recall any of them except "Girl of the Golden West," adapted from Belasco's masterpiece which starred Blanche Bates at the turn of the century. I saw it in the silent films, and also not so long ago, with that admirable team, Nelson Eddy and Jeanette McDonald who displayed their histrionic emotions in other film plays and light operas, such as "Florodora", "Naughty Marrietta", and "Merry Widow"

and others you have probably all seen.

I started out to talk about the excellent title our editor selected for this little paper—and **that** started me to thinking about the west—which might never have been what the modern western weeklies and the moving pictures depict it. While not knowing anything about them, (never having read one of the old western dime novels nor having seen a western movie,) I am somewhat inclined to wonder if the two are not somewhat allied. If the sensational stories of hair-breadth escapes from hostile Indians and of cattle-rustling on the border, and replete with thrilling hold-ups and fast riding, and other ingredients of "blood-and-thunder", were not the forerunner of the yarns which Tom Mix, Buck Jones, and half a dozen other fearless, young dare-devils put kids in a trance almost as much as were their grandfathers some yers ago.

Emerson Bennett and Col. Prentiss Ingraham and Ned Buntline, and some others you know better than I, **probably** really knew the west, and with their vivid imaginations they added much to its wild picturesqueness and could describe it with a dash and a verve that made your pulses leap and your heart thump and your cheek pale, and perhaps your hair almost stand up on your head before your guardian got its uncombed locks in his hand. The Puritanic influence was uppermost in that day; there was little reading matter for the young, except the goody-goody Sunday school books. I haven't a doubt but that many of you old boys, when you were young boys, surreptitiously hid under your pillow or under your straw or corn-husk mattress, or maybe out in the barn upon a convenient rafter, or by the hen's nest where only you gathered the eggs, some fearless adventure story where neither your dad or your ma or Jake, the hired man, or Cora, the hired girl would find your cache, where you also secreted your plug of tobacco or the package of cigarettes, traded from a neighbor boy; and maybe some cookies from the old earthen crock in the cellar.

But if "the old man" knew about your hidden treasures, especially the dime novel and the tobacco, I could

say that, almost likely, instead of your favorite phrase, "Unhand me, villain, or there will be blood shed!" which you and your boy companions loved to use, you were led by an unwilling ear or pushed on by two unrelenting hands upon your shoulders to what has now 'gone with the wind', especially in suburban sections—for I've never seen one here in the south. They seem to have become about as extinct as the dodo bird. I am referring, not to blood shed, but rather to wood shed and where there were also tears shed when the ol' razor strap got in its hard licks on your cringing form until at last you wailed that you'd never read another dime novel in this world as long as you lived. And lest you should forget, there **was** likely to be blood shed—your dad threatened to take the very hide right off you!

And have you kept that promise to your careful parents who would train you in the right way you should go and not fill our mind with such awful lies? It seemeth not so to this deponent when he reads the reminiscences and anecdotes you write, and your advertisements at one cent per word for copies you and your friends want to read again.

Oh, I, too, hid old novels under my pillow or the mattress—and got called up about it, too—but never thrashed. The maternal jaw was laid down that I must read no more (they weren't 'Buffalo Bills' or 'Diamond Dicks', but sweet romances instead) trash borrowed from the neighbors, but I must spend that time on my arithmetic lessons—which I hated. Feminine figures had not then dawned on my consciousness; they weren't written very much in the kind of forbidden reading I did. Perhaps dainty gowns were described—but not the female shape, not "the human form divine", altho sometimes her "graceful carriage" was mentioned. And that didn't mean a phaeton or a dog-cart!

My good friend, Ralph Cummings, the hard-worked and over-worked editor of this interesting little paper, made me some weeks ago an attractive proposition, with the result that I am under a sort of probation to try to entertain you "old timers" (as you like to call yourselves) and perhaps other readers who cannot quite be-

long to your class yet, (as representing age in point of years and mellow memories), but who are, nevertheless, interested in a literature of a period fast fading into obscurity as the church people would have it, if they could have their way, and which way is the straighter way of the "respectability" of yesterday. Indeed, as you know, in regarding to many ways, both of yesterday and today, "Grandma Calls It Carnal!"

So I am planning to give you some biographical sketches, tentatively, as it were, or two or three months. And if you like them and desire more, you shall have them. If you do not like them and do not want them, tell editor Ralph so—not me! Neither of us desire to give you that in which you can have little or no interest. This **Round-Up** is your magazine and its editor longs to make it as interesting as possible for you. Therefore, he wants you to submit contributions. Help him out by writing some little experience stories and anecdotes that we'd all like to read.

In the memorial article about W. J. Benners you will learn that I am preparing a series of volumes about the old Lupton contributors. However, these are not what will appear in future numbers of the **Round-Up**. After these biographical sketches of some of the famous English and American contributors of the Lupton magazines are published in the volumes, I shall give editor Ralph permission to use what he will desire—and I presume my publishers will, also.

These authors which I have in mind now for the **Round-Up** I had started to write for another purpose. This magazine had not been thought of, then. Perhaps Ralph had not even commenced to collect books and magazines, either. It was in 1926 that I had begun to obtain data at the Library of Congress for material for certain newspapers and magazines. Then, after getting information for only a few of them I confined my efforts entirely to the Lupton authors. Of the ones I have in mind for the **Round-Up** I have but little of the material written up—and that but roughly. I shall now, from month to month, arrange it into ship-shape for your pleasure, retaining book rights when each article is printed here.

I have lists of authors of different periods and of different classes of literature—and a great lot of material about them. I have hundreds of authors' pictures, most of them cut from magazines of the 1890s and up thru the years. How I used to revel in those old back numbers of a number of magazines I found, when a boy, in the dark recesses of a storeroom on the second floor of my father's big country house! I may tell you something about them, some day. They were golden hours of golden summer days there as I pored over those fascinating copies of magazines. I have never lost my love for examining numbers of old magazines, and particularly of the 1890s. Fifty years ago! I wonder how long they were stored in that windowless room before my eager exploring hands found them? Quite a while, I think, for some of them were in the early '90s—and it seems to me that **St. Nicholas**, in which I read Frances Hodgson Burnett's story of the sissy little English boy, Cedric Fauntleroy, was in the 1880s. I could easily discover by reading a sketch of its author in any encyclopedia.

Reverting to my collection of authors' material and pictures of them: you can hardly name an author of the past—up to 1915, I think, but that I would not know something about. Of some of these authors they, themselves, or their relatives, have sent me studio photographs. These are, however, mostly of the Lupton contributors.

I have the names of 26 authors who wrote strictly dime novels—authors of whom Beadle and Tousey and the Munros and Street & Smith, and some other publishers, used to buy. You know their names—mighty ones in those days of the 1840s and 1850s, and later. Authors of verile fiction, such as Badger, Browne, Cook, Cowdrick, Dev, Harbough, Jenks, Manning, Shea, Sterns, Wheeler, and others. Perhaps Captain Mayne Reid was one of them; also Captain Frederick Marryat, author of sea tales, and the father of Florence Marryat who wrote that very-much-talked-about novel of years ago—"The House on the Marsh." There are so many more with which you may be familiar. Jules Verne, that inventor of marvelous stories, and who lived years before things of

which he wrote were thought of—wasn't he one of the dime novel authors? Perhaps not; I guess his yarns were much higher-priced, and I think he wrote for no magazines, either in his country or any other.

It seems to me I read, not more than two months ago, the news notice of the death of an old dime-novelist. I have forgotten his name now, but probably you know it. Every once in a while one of them "goes over the range" for the last time—and the paragraphers report "he was the last surviving writer of a colorful period known only on the printed page of a bygone era"—or something like that.

The authors, of whom I shall write for the **Round-Up**, as I have explained, to editor Ralph, are not strictly of the class represented by dime novelists, altho I have Colonel E. C. Z. Judson (you know who he was) among the authors whose sketches I may write—and of him as a special "double feature" treat to you. Perhaps many of your may know more about him than I do.

I have three other western writers also for you, if you want them—each greater than Col. Judson, as energetic as he was. These are Sam Clemens, Bret Harte, and Edward Eggleston. Do you recall any of their books? Each of them had one or more adapted for moving pictures—and the lovable quaint old Mark Twain had some adopted also for the stage, long before Edison experimented with electricity that resulted in moving pictures.

In order they are: Clemens, "Pud'nhead Wilson," "Tom Sawyer," and "Huckleberry Finn"; Harte, "Luck of Roaring Camp," and "M'liss," Eggleston was known for his "Hoosier Schoolmaster" and "Hoosier School-boy." Surely you must have read these.

Most of these authors whose sketches will be in the **Round-Up** (if you want them) wrote books which were bound in cloth and cost anywhere from \$2.00 to \$1.50 a copy. Only four of them were contributors to magazines. With the exception of Mrs. Hentz, Mrs. Bryan, Miss Dupuy, and Miss Anna Warner, also the "Widow Bedott," the others are authors whose names are known thru the medium of the cinema, to the present generation. In the cases of some of

these authors, I have matter which I personally got in the localities of their homes, or at their homes, and which is known to no one but myself. I shall give it to you in print.

There are 15 authors in the group which I have in mind to write for the **Round-Up**—and the women novelists outnumber the men by one! The articles will be written in order of their greatest output of literary work in the periods in which they wrote.

The first of whom I will present was a man of very hasty temper and very decided convictions. He was so cordially disliked by his neighbors that he was considered a great snob by them. It was not until after his death in the middle of the last century that his literary work was really appreciated; and today it is more so than at that time.

The section of the country in which are the locales of his remarkable novels is hardly more than a hundred miles, or less, from where I was born. A certain lake, often mentioned in these novels as the Glimmerglass, now has another name. The long and picturesque body of water which rises in this beautiful gem of a lake, flows down thru the Empire State, thru the Quaker State, and then thru the state (named after Henrietta Maria, queen of Charles I) where it loses itself.

This river separates by its width of a quarter of a mile the D. L. & W. railroad tracks from the street beside it (the river) on which was my home in the town in which I lived for several years. I have rowed boats and paddled canoes on this stream and have swum in it in the summer-time—and once nearly drowned in it!

What river is it which this famous author mentioned in his distinguished work which is still to be found in all libraries? One or two of his books have been adapted for moving pictures. I have all but told you the name of it, (the river) as well as the author's name. You will know when I tell you that he was the first really great writer to put into fiction from the life of he inhabitants of our new world. He did much to help American literature to come forth naked from the embroidered, swaddling clothes of its infancy and to robe it with less hampering raiment.

So now, good-bye, all you **Round-Up** readers—and my friends! When

the October leaves are brilliant with gay colors up in old New England where our editor lives and moves and has his being, I shall write you again.

Cordially yours,

Hermon Pitcher.

Lake City, Florida,

September 7, 1940.

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